

A Mournful

## E L E G Y,

On the Deplorable, and never enough to be Lamented Death,  
Of the Illustrious, and Serene

CHARLES the II. KING

O F

Great-Britain, France, and Ireland, &amp;c.

Defender of the True, and Apostolick Faith; who Departed this Life, ( and changed  
his Corruptible *CROWN* for an Uncorruptible, ) on *Friday* the 6<sup>th</sup> of *February*,  
between 11. and 12. of the Clock, in the Forenoon, being the 55<sup>th</sup>. Year of his Age. 1684;

Come, Consecrate your Eyes before you Weep,  
And Afterwards, let not your Sorrow Sleep:  
Rain Rivers down, of Mournful Tears, and true,  
Of Orient *Pearle*, but Occidental Hew:  
Let Lamentations give our Passions Vent,  
Under Unparalleled Discontent,  
Since Sovereign *CHARLES* can not our Grief prevent.

Seditious *Smec* ( at first ) eclips'd his Skie;  
Ere *England* knew his Sovereignty:  
Care, Cross, and Loss refin'd ( by *Britains* Blush,  
Unheard, Unknown ) him to a pure *Nonplus*.  
*Non ultra* *Non such*, Mournful Subjects Sings;  
Dear, yet Dread Sovereign; Mirrour of all Kings.  
Urg'd, Unawares, Nine Kingdoms he Subdu'd;  
Sure Stedfast Peace to *Common-wealths* Renew'd:

Milde, Meek, yet Fierce, if once but set on Edge;  
And Absolute, if much provok'd to Rage:  
Great, Good, and Just, as any Prince could be;  
Not National, nor Partial; yet was he  
*Aeneas's* Equal; Toss'd by *Land* and *Sea*.

By *Britains* Bane, he Storms did Undergo;  
*Rebellions* Rout he quite did Overthrow:  
Iars Intestine, at Home did vex him much;  
The Terror and Relief of *Dane* and *Dutch*:  
As *Atlas* high, yet as a Valley Low:  
No New Event could Turn him to and fro:  
No Northern Mists could Darken his Bright Day:  
In *Ireland* none could make him loote his Way:  
*Aethereal* Equity was all his Plea.

Rebels Retire, and Loyalists draw nigh;  
Enhance yr. Eyes, with Sable Tears and cry,  
as *Xanthus* forc'd the *Helespont* to Roar,  
And *Xerxes* Army Landed on our Shore.

Could Orphans Cryes, or Widdows Tears Prevail,  
Or Loyal Sighs our suddain Struck Assail;  
Or *Monarch's* Groans recall our Dismal Fates,  
Which Grief renews, and Joy Obliterates:  
All *Christian Kings* in *Europe* then would cry  
For Sovereign *CHARLES*, his Sacred *Majesty*.  
'Tis Grief to see that he who did restore  
Peace to so many Kingdoms, and the Whore  
That's clad in *scarlet*, should so soon be gone,  
Before his Sun approach'd the *Horizon*.  
The Morning of his Age it was o'recast,  
His Bright *Star* with *Mar's* Fiery Nose Opprest;  
But ere his *Sun* ascended the Noon Day,  
Both Clouds and Comets Vanish'd quite away:  
And ever since we borrow'd splendent Rayes  
Of Brightness, to add Luster to our Days.  
In Heaven-portending Prodigies I find  
*Star-Gazers* ( in their Judgements ) are but Blind;  
Since they did see the *star* that did Presage  
His Death, who was the *Phoenix* of his Age,  
Dazl'd with Brightness of his Royal *Skie*,  
Appli'd it not unto his *Majesty*.

But since our Sore, a Salve along doth bring,  
God Save Great *JAMES*, our second Sovereign *KING*.  
Let his Dominions Preface Black with White;  
Since Rising *Phabus* dissipates our Night:  
Let Loyal Subjects then both Cry and Sing,  
Like *Birds* Reviv'd in the returning *Spring*.  
Let Court and City Shout, and make a Noise,  
And Loyal Sighs still Eccho back *Rejoyce*:  
Till Plotters all Conspiracies lay by,  
And *Treason* turn to purest Loyalty.

P. K.

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